

The Ancient Origin of Beer

THE Egyptians have the credit of being the first inventors of beer. They called it the Pelusion liquor, because it was first made at Pelusium, a city near the mouth of the Nile, about 1200 years B. C.



Fiction Page



Ink 3,500 Years Old

A SAMPLE of dried black ink from an inkstand of the time of Amenhotep III, 3,500 years ago, has been analyzed. The ink contained no iron, its pigment being composed entirely of carbon.

THE FACE IN THE FOG - By Jack Boyle

Watch For This Story in the Near Future at Moore's Rialto, Featuring Lionel Barrymore.

By JACK BOYLE.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

FOR a fraction of an instant the girl's eyes rested tenderly on the face of Orloff, whose love for her was beyond concealment. A faint flush colored her cheeks. She hesitated, evidently summoning resolutions for her final bitter renunciation.

JEWELS BRING WOE.

"Often I have dreamed of the quiet, secure, peaceful contentment that is a woman's only true happiness—more often than ever before during the wretched weeks since my escape and flight from Russia," she began, keeping her eyes shyly lowered. "I have dreamed of the happiness—fortunate women may choose freely—the peaceful happiness of a home and a husband, loved and loving, and—"

"Her sob as clearly as words betrayed her heart's instinctive craving for the birthright of womanhood. 'Such a home, if it were only a hovel, with one I could—with one—very softly—I do love, would be happiness—Heaven.'"

Tatiana paused as if treasuring for one last moment the happy vision summoned by her words. Then, resolutely, though her lips trembled, and with a gesture of resignation:

"That, my friends, has been my dream—forever predestined to be only a dream. Now, if you will, give me Russia's jewels."

Boston Blackie crossed the room to his safe, opened it, drew out the chamol bag which Michael had dropped into his pocket, and handed it to Tatiana.

"Look!" she exclaimed, unknitting the cords. "On these trinkets depends the future of my country."

With a gesture which, more eloquently than speech, summed up her accepted martyrdom, Tatiana emptied the glittering contents of the bag upon the table. The instant she saw them a queer, frightened look crossed

her pale face. She stared at the gleaming gems in sudden perplexity.

"Paste!" she cried. "These are not the Romanoff jewels. These are worthless imitations!"

At Tatiana's cry, "Paste!" as she poured the restored jewels out upon the table, Count Orloff stepped forward.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Hidden Gems.

"May I explain, Your Highness?" he asked. "I am responsible. Thinking thus to better safeguard the gems in case Michael was stopped and searched, I put these imitation jewels in the bag I gave him. No one knew but I—not even Michael."

"But the real jewels, Orloff? What of them?" demanded Tatiana, impatient for an explanation of this final riddle.

"I hollowed one of the crutches I provided for Michael and hid them in it. It was to recover the crutches that I went to the morgue."

Huk Kant's face, which had been a study in perplexity and suspicion, lighted.

"The crutches are here," he declared. "Wren brought them up when he came. Where are they, Blackie?"

Boston Blackie brought them out from an inner room and handed them to Orloff.

"The jewels are hidden in one just above the handrest," Orloff explained, and smashed the first of the crutches across his knee. "Not here. The other one contains them," he added as the splintered crutch revealed only solid wood. Blackie handed him the other—the one broken by the murderers when they crushed Michael's skull with it. It was snapped off just above the handrest.

"See," cried Orloff, pointing to a hollow in the wood. "This is where the end of the steel jewel tube rested. The tube itself is in

the other part. Where is that part?"

There was a tense, difficult silence, during which Tatiana turned from one to the other of the faces about the table seeking an explanation of the sudden constraint.

"It was missing when the police reached the scene of the murder," Huk explained at last, grimly. "The Terrorists haven't it. Unless some one here can return the top of the crutch and its concealed jewels to you, Miss Tatiana, I fear it is gone beyond hope. Can you, Count Orloff? You, Blackie?"

"Not I," from Blackie.

"Nor I," from Orloff. Kant shrugged his shoulders.

"Gone! Lost beyond hope," exclaimed Tatiana. Then, after another long pause: "And with the jewels has been lost the patriotic hope for which my uncle died."

The girl sighed and leaned upon the table with unsteady hands.

"Once again, Your Highness, I have failed you," murmured Orloff miserably. "This time my blunder seems irretrievable. You have depended upon me, a too-slender reed. Even to express my grief, my regret, is contemptible. I

dare not ask forgiveness."

As Tatiana neither raised her head nor spoke, he turned wretchedly away and, like a man leaving all that makes life livable behind him, disappeared into the farther room.

As he went Tatiana looked compassionately after him. Orloff's lagging step, the dejected slump of his shoulders and his bowed head all betrayed his bitter despondency. He had played the game allotted to him to the end—played it in Tatiana's interest against himself and now had lost for her as he had been willing to

lose for himself at her command. The girl's eyes softened, her lips trembled. There was a faint flush on her cheeks as she turned to Huk and Blackie.

FREED FROM OATH.

"Is there no possible way of recovering the lost piece of crutch in which the jewels are hidden?" she demanded.

"I see none," the detective answered with a furtive glance toward Boston Blackie. Blackie's nod confirmed this verdict.

"Then my oath no longer binds me," Tatiana cried, surrendering

herself wholly to long-suppressed love. "God has decided—but not as I feared. Friends," she hesitated, and the flush upon her face deepened, "I am going to him—at last I am going to him, thank God."

When she was beyond the screening portieres Blackie smiled contentedly.

"I am glad the jewels turned out to be paste," he said. "She deserves her happiness."

For an instant neither Kant nor Mary spoke. Tense constraint still charged the air during another uncomfortable pause.

"Uncle Sam isn't interested in paste jewels," Huk said finally. "I'll be on my way, Blackie. 'Good night, everybody.'"

He fumbled with the doorknob with the same gripped look in his eyes which had been there once before that evening, as Mary and Blackie bade him good-night. Then he went out, and the door closed behind him. As Blackie, with Mary beside him, returned to the library, the door was noiselessly re-opened, and Huk Kant, who was a Government agent first and a friend afterward, slipped back into the apartment and hid behind the portieres.

CHAPTER XIX.

Where Are the Jewels?

The instant she thought herself alone with Blackie, Mary caught him by the shoulders and looked up into his face.

"Blackie, I have always trusted you. I do now, but"—a significant pause—"where have you hidden the real jewels?"

"In the photograph case, my dear," he answered, imperturbably. "I picked up the missing piece of crutch when I was examining the beggar's body."

"Blackie, they belong to the girl in there. You're not going to steal them?" implored Mary, almost tearfully. Blackie stooped to kiss her.

"If I were to give them to her it would separate her from the man she loves," he said. "Would you want them returned to you, Mary, if they would separate us?"

"No," she answered, softly. "That's proof that I'm right in not giving them back to her."

"But what are you going to do with them? You can't keep them. They're not yours."

Blackie's eye strayed casually to the portieres behind which Huk Kant was eavesdropping.

"They are worth millions, Mary. Many millions. You ask what I am going to do with them. Just watch."

He went to the phonograph and produced the broken piece of crutch. He drew out from it a steel tube and emptied it of a scintillating stream of marvelously beautiful unset gems. He filled the chamol bag which had contained the false jewels with the real ones, and then, with a tauntingly quizzical glint in his eye, he looked over his shoulder toward the curtains behind which Kant was hiding.

COME OUT, HUK!

"Come on out, Huk," he invited, and as the now shame-faced detective appeared, he placed the bag in his hand.

"Take them, Huk. Take them to Washington and bury them or toss them into the Potomac if you like, but if you ever let that little girl in there know they're in existence I'll be ashamed I ever shook your hand."

"You old scoundrel," Huk exclaimed. "I might have known you'd have to have a bit of sport with me before you let me out of here. But this time I really am going. Goodnight."

With their arms around each other Mary and Blackie gently drew back the portieres which hid the room into which Tatiana had followed Orloff. She was in his arms, her hands caressing his hair, her lips upraised for his kisses.

Blackie drew the portieres together and up-tilted Mary's face. "A perfect end of a perfect night," he whispered as he kissed her.

THE END.



Recovery of the Romanoff jewels brings only sorrow to Tatiana. A tense scene from the film play, "The Face in the Fog," a Cosmopolitan production to appear at Moore's Rialto, featuring Lionel Barrymore.

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THE END.

A PERFECT WIFE

How a Visit Changed Her Views as to Her Duties Of Being a Model Housekeeper for a Model Husband.

By Ruth Herrington

MOTHER PERKINS was the most Perfect Wife in Jones Center. Every one conceded her pre-eminence. The older women of the town nodded approval whenever her virtues were discussed, and many a Jones Center man envied the fortunate Father Perkins.

Nor was the credit all hers. It may be said, indeed, that Father Perkins had contributed largely to her perfection. He had carefully drilled her, even before their marriage, in the duties of the Perfect Wife.

This paragon knew, he pointed out, that her true sphere was in her home. She did not waste, either on charity or in the pursuit of pleasure, energy which should be expended on her family. She was calm and poised, the womanly woman always. That was the kind a man wanted for his wife!

The young, adoring bride took heed. Did Father Perkins think an act unwomanly? She would have died before performing it. Only in her kitchen was spotless, the pantry full of baked things, the house in perfect order and every conceivable want of Father Perkins imagined and provided for.

When Father Perkins came home in the evening it was to delicious whiffs from the kitchen. His affectionate kiss at the door won a Mother Perkins dressed for his homecoming—rule 499 of Perfect Wifehood warned her not to neglect her own person—slippers laid out and house coat

waiting to be slipped over his shoulders. A Perfect Wife, if there ever was one!

Son Gets Married.

Mother Perkins had been the Perfect Wife for twenty-five years, and might have continued to be until her sorrowing husband had carved her virtues on her tombstone, if Son hadn't married.

He married a joyous wisp of a girl, who brought into the family a set of jolly, hospitable parents. And these insisted that, while the young folk were honeymooning, Father and Mother Perkins should spend three weeks with them in their comfortable Summer home.

Mother Perkins liked Mrs. Allison immensely, although she had a disturbing feeling that her husband disapproved of the daughter-in-law. Mrs. Allison, though charming, intelligent and young looking, was far from attaining the heights of Perfect Wifehood. She did not hesitate, in a mixed group, to enter into controversy with the men, and even to project arguments which quite discomfited her masculine opponents.

She had gone so far, on occasion, as to poke Father Perkins in his most tender prejudices. Mother Perkins knew by applied instinct that that was the worst thing one could do to Father Perkins.

"We're going to have the time of our lives," was Mrs. Allison's greeting as the Perkinses stepped from the train. "Two of my dearest friends are spending the summer here, and the town has a new movie. The boys will have to step lively to keep up with us."

"The boys," Mother Perkins

gathered, were Father Perkins and Mr. Allison. She scanned her husband's face anxiously for signs of displeasure at having his dignity thus attacked. She could detect none.

The first real crisis did not come, however, until several days later, when, at the luncheon table, Mrs. Allison made this startling announcement:

"We have to leave right away for that card party. We'll let the boys do the dishes."

Mother Perkins was aghast. Father Perkins did! "John wouldn't like it, I'm afraid," she hastened to protest. "He never has washed dishes, have you, John?"

"Mercy! He should be beginning. Many's the time Alfred has his bit at R. P. Alfred likes it!"

ALFRED GRINS.

Alfred grinned at her affectionately. "Can't say I like it especially, but at least I always know the glasses are polished when I've washed the dishes. I'll train you right, John. These women are slipshod. It takes a man to do a real dishwashing job."

"I'm here to learn," responded John gallantly. And before she left for the party Mother Perkins viewed with mixed emotions the spectacle of her cherished husband, in an apron much too small for him, carrying dirty dishes into the kitchen under the careful tutelage of Mr. Allison!

The next day a picnic was scheduled. They were to leave immediately after breakfast. This time it was Father Perkins himself who suggested that the and Alfred clean up the dishes while the women were putting the finishing touches to the lunch.

Mother Perkins could hardly believe her ears. But that day she did a great deal of thinking. Indeed, that day and the succeeding ones afforded much food for thought.

Father Perkins had become habitually helpful about the house. He called Mrs. Allison by her first name—an unheard-of thing for him. Mother Perkins even decided, after having suspected and tested it out, that he purposely made bombastic remarks just to draw the quick, scathing retort of his new connection.

Pa Praises Alicia.

Mother Perkins' state of perfect wifehood was not once referred to. Instead, when they were alone, Father Perkins praised constantly the good looks, the cleverness, the capability of Alicia.

A less gentle soul than Mother Perkins would have become jealous. Mother Perkins only thought and thought. During the last week of the visit she wore a quiet, satisfied smile, as if she had come to a conclusion.

After a last hilarious picnic, at which all of them acted more like 20-year-olds than 45-year-olds, the Perkinses returned to Jones Center and their staid home. Even as they stepped across the thresh-

hold the Perfect Wife could feel her husband resuming middle age and dignity.

She spoke briskly and cheerily. "John, won't you please run upstairs with these bags while I air things out a bit? Better put some old clothes on, too. I want you to help me get things in order."

She could sense Father Perkins' astonishment without looking at him, but she went on bravely.

"Then what do you say to going down to the hotel for dinner, and to a show afterwards? I think we ought to give ourselves a better time than we used to, don't you?"

And as Father Perkins acquiesced there vanished forever from the Perkins home the Perfect Wife.

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bowel poison to